When what is done is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne [I know] another doth prouoke:
Murders as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be crost to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antioch* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. Thaliard you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will aduance you *Thaiard*;

Behold,

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and th
It fits thee not to aske the reason
Because we bid it: say is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a M

Ant. Enough. Let your breath
haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince *Pericl*

Ant. As thou wilt liue, flye afte
a well experient Archer hits the
do thou neuer returne, vnlesse tho

Thal. My Lord, if I can get hi
make him sure enough: so farewe

Ant. Thaliard adieu, till *Peric*
My heart can lend no succour to

Enter Pericles with

Per. Let none disturbe vs:
Why should this change of thoug
The sad companion dull-eyde m
By me so vsed, a guest as not an
In the dayes glorious walke or pe
The toombe where griefe should
Here pleasures court mine eyes, a
And danger which I feard, is at *A*
Whose arme seemes farre too sho
Yet neuer pleasures art can ioy my
Nor yet the other distance comfo
Then it is thus, that passions of the
That haue their first conception by
Haue after nourishment and life
And what was first but feare, wha
Growes elder now, and cares it be
And so with me; the great *Antio*
Gainst whom I am too little to cont

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)